

The Queen's Messenger

Alias
Miss Information

DON'T make that tragic mistake of letting your small sister, who is intensely interested in you and your beau, be your ambassador too long when you send her down to be bright for that young chap until you come! For her little red tongue will trip along with some things that will light a queer shine in his eyes, perchance! Who knows? "Do you know Mr. Jack Thus-and-Soy?" she will say. "He comes to see my sister. He has red hair, and in yaster like it—red hair. He comes, oh lots. Father doesn't like him as well as you,

but mother likes him better! And I like you better. My sister likes your eyes. She said she did. She said, what? I don't remember what she said. Do you know my sister does her hair up in curl-papers? That's why it's all so darling wavy. Don't you like it? I do. But curl-papers look funny. My sister said not to talk too much, 'cause, she said, all men like to talk about themselves—and you did, too, even if you were a darling! But you haven't said anything yet. My sister—"

And these terrible "my sisters" will go on and on, babbling like a gossip, little brook. And perhaps your lover's eyes will grower horror-stricken as it goes; or perhaps they will lighten exultantly because he knows now something that you've demurely hidden.

The Queen's messenger should be followed in haste!

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Dance Halls and Gambling Houses of Skagway Disappear As Gold Gives Out

Gateway to the Klondike Now Is a Quiet Orderly Town, But With a Wealth of Reminiscences of Days When Soapy Smith's Men Terrorized the Town.

BY Frank G. Carpenter

(Copyright, 1915, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

SKAGWAY, Alaska, June 2.—Eighteen years ago Skagway was one of the most talked of towns in the world. It was the chief gate to the rich gold fields of the Klondike, and miners came by the thousands to tramp their way over the passes in order that they might get to the headwaters of the Yukon and float down to Dawson. A little later it became the terminus of the White Pass railway, which runs from here to White Horse, the head of the navigation of the Yukon; and within a short time it sprang from a village of tents to a bustling city of wood and stone of 15,000 population. The most of the citizens were transients who were moving back and forth from the gold mines.

Then the mines began to play out, and the blood of Skagway grew weak. Drunk with poverty, it demanded the gold cure, but the cure had been eked from the Klondike and the bottle was empty. The miners grew fewer and fewer, and the city dwindled and pined until it now has, all told, only five or six hundred.

Saloons and Dance Halls Disappear.—The saloons and dance halls of the past have all disappeared. The hotels and rooming-shacks have rotted away and many of the better class houses are vacant. The town has changed from a wide-open community of gamblers, fortune hunters and miners, to a staid little settlement which lives on the travelers who pass through on their way to Yukon territory and the interior of Alaska, and on the tourists who come north every season to see glaciers and other wonders of this southeastern part of the territory.

Has Many Tourist Visitors.—As it is now, several hundred steamers call at Skagway every season, and they bring thousands of passengers. Many take the continuous round trip, but many also stop off at Skagway for a few days or weeks. The place is fast becoming a summer resort. It has a mild climate with much less rain than other parts of the peninsula. In the immediate vicinity are a half dozen glaciers, not far away is Glacier bay, one of the greatest glacier gardens of the whole world; it is the scene of much of the work of John Muir, and there are the Muir glacier and others which he discovered. In addition Skagway offers as end of excursions which one can make on horseback, on foot or by motor boat and he will find new sights at every step or at every chug of the engine.

Just now there is talk of building a great tourist hotel here, and the travel will increase as soon as our people awake to the wonders of Alaska and know they can be comfortably housed and fed while they enjoy them.

Skagway Has Many Flower Gardens.—The interesting thing about Alaska are not confined to the rocks, the mountains, the snow and the ice. As far as this part of the country is concerned, the better to found only in the flowers. The winters are such that there is no ice to speak of, and in summer Skagway is of the greenest of green. Just now great beds of white clover grow on the sides of the streets, and the hills are covered with blooming wild flowers.

Many of the residents have garden patches, where they grow all the vegetables used in the town. I have seen fields of corn, wheat, and barley, and such as my

thumb. I saw rhubarb with leaves as big as two pages of this newspaper, and stems that reached to my shoulders. One of the flower gardens I visited was that of P. J. Weber, who is in charge of the shops of the White Pass railway. He is a business man with a great love for nature. He has more than 20 varieties of dahlias and those of every color and tint. Some are snow white, some blood red and others of a delicate salmon. He has even blue dahlias of the deep blue of the mountains far off in the distance.

Some Huge Dahlias.—And such dahlias. The stems of some of the plants reached to a height of nine feet, and their blossoms were as big around as dinner plates. I took some food rails and found that this was no by actual measure. One blossom was nine inches wide. Its color was purple. Another, a golden dahlia with blossoms of old gold and fiery red, measured more than ten inches from side to side.

The most of these dahlias are growing in pots, but right out in the open. They are on beds in a lawn and their only protection is a windshield, a wire fence, with glass which faces the channel to keep off the cold blasts from the sea and the mountains.

Among the other flowers in Mr. Weber's garden were marigolds, petunias, and red geraniums equally large. There were also Japanese golden handed lilies, which were as long as your hand. I counted 15 such lilies on one single plant.

Beautiful Hotel Grounds.—I am stopping in Skagway at the Fairview hotel, whose grounds and fruit come from a farm that covers the site of the old town of Dyke. Mrs. Pullen, who keeps the hotel, has a house of 24 rooms and a bath, surrounded by several acres of beautiful lawn planted with trees and shrubs. A stream of mountain water flows through the lawn, and she has cut out a little island in the stream, and has built a small bridge over it. There is so much of the whole makes one think of Japan.

Rivalry of Early Days.—When gold was first discovered in the Klondike there were two roads or trails from the head of the Lynn Canal over the mountains. One started here at Skagway and climbed up through the White Pass to the headwaters of the Yukon. The other began at Dyke, which is four miles away, and went over the Chilkoot Pass to the head of the White Pass. It built a trail, running on a cable, that carried freight up the pass, although the passengers have to walk or as they say here "mush it" on foot. As the cars rose into the air, upheld by the wire, they swung the way and that now and then some of the freight was spilled out. Once the train carried 34 bags. The motion made them dust and sea sick and half of them jumped from the cars and left large grease spots on the rocks far below.

Then the Railway Killed Dyke.—By and by the White Pass railway was built and the miners were taken by steam over the mountains. This sounded the death knell of Dyke. The crowd rushed to Skagway, where the new road began. The men of Dyke left their houses without trying to sell them, and some abandoned their furniture, including the chairs and linen. One family departed, leaving a table half set for four.

All were crazy to get to the gold mines and to take part in the property which it was thought Skagway would have. After a short while the town was abandoned. All and left with the exception of a man

named Emil Klatt, who took up a homestead on the site of the abandoned city. He plowed the streets and laid out his fields among the ruins. He farmed there for years and became generally known as the Mayor of Dyke, although his only subjects were cattle and sheep. I do not think he made any money. At all events, he sold the property and it now belongs, as I have said, to Mrs. Pullen, who is running it in connection with her hotel.

When Skagway Boomed.—It is interesting to hear the Skagwayans tell of the days when their town was in the height of its drunken prosperity. It was, as one Skagwayan, a wide open community, having 41 saloons, each with its dance hall adjoining. There were neither courts nor police. At that time there was no law in Alaska under which a municipal government could be organized and the only representative of Uncle Sam was the deputy marshal. He was a rough character and was supposed to be league with the criminal element. At least he did nothing to control it, and there were bands of thugs, who held up the tenderfoot, or as he is called here, the cheechako, and even robbed the old miners as they came from the Klondike.

A little later the criminal element was compelled by one Jefferson Smith, who has a traditional fame, something like that of Shad of Mark Twain's "Hanging IL" Smith went by the nickname of Soapy. He got the title from having peddled soap wrapped in bank notes on the streets of the towns of Colorado. He would pretend to wrap up the soap in ten or twenty dollar bills and take it from boys, which contained both blanks and prizes, auctioning off the prizes. The game is called, well known throughout the west.

Soapy's Rough Riders.—Same time the time of the beginning of the war between our country and Spain. He got together a band of rough riders, ready to fight the Spaniards. The president, who had been posted as to their character, was obliged to decline them. Soapy then armed and drilled them, and told them to prey upon the community. They robbed strangers singly and in crowds. They committed a large number of murders, and it was almost a case of death to oppose them.

The people were afraid of them, honest men were intimidated and a reign of terror arose and lasted for months. The gang had all sorts of ways of forcing the miners who passed through on their way to the Klondike, and also of getting the gold of those who came here.

Capt. Baughman of the Humboldt.—The ship in which I came to Skagway, told me the other day how the advance agent of Soapy's gang would go to Seattle and come back with the crowd on his steamer. The crowd consisted of miners, each of whom had an outfit that had cost about \$100, and in addition enough money to get him to Dawson. Some had more, some less.

It cost a great deal to get the freight over the mountains and Soapy's agents were pretended miners, would organize companies with a view to getting cheap freight, and they would take from each member of the company an order to the ship to release his goods to the packers. Upon landing the men would run the miners into Soapy's gambling saloon, where, within the space of an hour, they were sure to lose all their money to him. They then had not enough to pay their freight bills and as a result the outfits would fall into the hands of the gang, and the men would be left with nothing and matters become worse and worse. Miners coming out from Dawson had their boxes of gold stolen from them, and it finally came an end to any stranger in Skagway. This impression went to the outside and it was during the time that the town was empty by the robbery of a young miner named Stewart, who had just come from

Dawson with a poke containing \$2000 in gold dust.

Vigilance Committee Formed.

The men made a fun and prominent business men went to Soapy and asked him to give back the money. He refused and a vigilance committee was formed. Soapy threatened to shoot upon sight any man that dared to attack him and when four attempted to make an arrest he put his cocked rifle against the stomach of their leader, the city engineer, whose name was Frank Reid. Reid grabbed the gun and came out of his right hip. At the same time Reid fired two or three shots in rapid succession, and one of his bullets pierced Soapy Smith's heart, while another wounded him in the leg. Liebers falling, Smith fired a second shot through Reid's body and Frank Reid mortally wounded. After this the other men of the gang were hunted down and driven out of the country.

Skagway an Orderly Town Now.—The Skagway of today is an orderly community. It has good schools, waterworks and sewers, electric lights and telephones, a daily newspaper and several churches. It has a courthouse of its own, and a jail for possible criminals.

The chief business of the town seems to be the selling of curios to the tourists. There are a half dozen stores that sell jewelry, carvings, moosehorns and baskets. The jewelry is made by the Indians, being pounded out of silver dollars. The carvings are of walrus tusks cut by the Eskimos, and the baskets and baskets are manufactured by the natives about Skagway and in other parts of Alaska. None of these things is cheap.

The finest baskets, little ones that will not hold more than a quart, bring from \$50 to \$100, while larger ones of the same character sell for \$15 apiece. No basket of fine workmanship can be bought for less than \$25 or \$30. The best are made under water, the stems being woven from the bark of the finest panama hat, and so delicate and intricate that it takes several months to make a basket as big as the head of a baby.

The very finest come from the Aleutian Islands. They are woven by the elder of the Indian women. The art is dying out, and it will probably pass away with this generation.

The most of the earnings come from Nome and the Indian settlements about the mouth of the Yukon, although some very good carvings are cut out by the Indians about Skagway and Seward.

The chief business of the town seems to be the selling of curios to the tourists. There are a half dozen stores that sell jewelry, carvings, moosehorns and baskets. The jewelry is made by the Indians, being pounded out of silver dollars. The carvings are of walrus tusks cut by the Eskimos, and the baskets and baskets are manufactured by the natives about Skagway and in other parts of Alaska. None of these things is cheap.

The finest baskets, little ones that will not hold more than a quart, bring from \$50 to \$100, while larger ones of the same character sell for \$15 apiece. No basket of fine workmanship can be bought for less than \$25 or \$30. The best are made under water, the stems being woven from the bark of the finest panama hat, and so delicate and intricate that it takes several months to make a basket as big as the head of a baby.

The very finest come from the Aleutian Islands. They are woven by the elder of the Indian women. The art is dying out, and it will probably pass away with this generation.

The most of the earnings come from Nome and the Indian settlements about the mouth of the Yukon, although some very good carvings are cut out by the Indians about Skagway and Seward.

The chief business of the town seems to be the selling of curios to the tourists. There are a half dozen stores that sell jewelry, carvings, moosehorns and baskets. The jewelry is made by the Indians, being pounded out of silver dollars. The carvings are of walrus tusks cut by the Eskimos, and the baskets and baskets are manufactured by the natives about Skagway and in other parts of Alaska. None of these things is cheap.

The finest baskets, little ones that will not hold more than a quart, bring from \$50 to \$100, while larger ones of the same character sell for \$15 apiece. No basket of fine workmanship can be bought for less than \$25 or \$30. The best are made under water, the stems being woven from the bark of the finest panama hat, and so delicate and intricate that it takes several months to make a basket as big as the head of a baby.

The very finest come from the Aleutian Islands. They are woven by the elder of the Indian women. The art is dying out, and it will probably pass away with this generation.

tick-tock—was that the clock or the dripping of the rain?

She slipped into an uneasy slumber. As soon as she lost consciousness, she began to dream. The ticking of the clock changed into steps coming nearer, nearer, and above them all she heard a kind of noise she had heard even in her sleep. It must have been Augustus snoring more loudly than ever. All—what was that? Something moved in the next room. Was it her husband? She could not hear him snoring now—could not hear

him breathing. Had that gurgling sound come from him? If not what—oh, what—was that moving about in there?

"Augustus!" she tried to call. Her voice did not penetrate the deep gloom by which she was surrounded. She could not stay here any longer. She must get up, wake her husband, and make him speak to her. She could not stand this silence.

She was groping about for her slippers. She felt left them right at the side of the bed. Here they were! She thrust her feet into them. Oh, how cold it was! She was shivering with cold. She caught up her flannel wrapper from the chair and threw it around her as she started into the next room.

him breathing. Had that gurgling sound come from him? If not what—oh, what—was that moving about in there?

"Augustus!" she tried to call. Her voice did not penetrate the deep gloom by which she was surrounded. She could not stay here any longer. She must get up, wake her husband, and make him speak to her. She could not stand this silence.

She was groping about for her slippers. She felt left them right at the side of the bed. Here they were! She thrust her feet into them. Oh, how cold it was! She was shivering with cold. She caught up her flannel wrapper from the chair and threw it around her as she started into the next room.

(Continued on next page)

Beauty Chats - By Edna Kent Forbes

Good-Looking Masques

STAY once in awhile comes the need of a good-looking costume to go to a masque or a fancy-dress party. A wood plan would be for you to make up some regular masque costume, and wear it for several such occasions.

Of course, you want to be original, and have a costume different from every other one on the floor. And the high-class fashion magazines give very original suggestions every once in a while. But the domino, or the Pierrette costume, is universally becoming, and an excellent one to choose.

Why not get some white lining steen, with a high lustrous finish, and make a very pretty one at your leisure? Unless you are very tall and very, very solemn looking, the Pierrette costume with its bloomers either to ankle or knee, its big ruffe around the chin and the hands, will make you charming. Lining satin costs a dollar a yard or less, and you can vary your effects by wearing a belt with balloons tied to it, in a fringe around the waist, with a balloon tied atop your cap—or wearing a tight skull cap made from the top of a silk stocking with a long feather stuck through—or any other of a dozen ways. Besides, lining satin waives—an important item. Pierrettes are always fantastic and pretty—the Pierrette's dress is really the prettiest of costumes.

And these masques make the cutest imaginable boudoir gowns—with only a pair of heeless slippers and pompons to set them off!

Questions and Answers

As cucumber juice is of such value in beauty culture, would you write in that column how to make and keep it?

Reply—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a single astringent. Never do anything that would harm the best or ston the circulation in that part of the body.

Reply—I shall have it in mind, and intend to tell also of other helps in making beauty.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service)

effective cosmetics from other things that come so easily from the kitchen garden.

Would you advise wearing an elastic bust reducer? Can you suggest anything better?—Miss G.

Reply—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a single astringent. Never do anything that would harm the best or ston the circulation in that part of the body.

Reply—I shall have it in mind, and intend to tell also of other helps in making beauty.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service)

Reply—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a single astringent. Never do anything that would harm the best or ston the circulation in that part of the body.

Reply—I shall have it in mind, and intend to tell also of other helps in making beauty.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service)

Reply—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a single astringent. Never do anything that would harm the best or ston the circulation in that part of the body.

Reply—I shall have it in mind, and intend to tell also of other helps in making beauty.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service)

Reply—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a single astringent. Never do anything that would harm the best or ston the circulation in that part of the body.

Reply—I shall have it in mind, and intend to tell also of other helps in making beauty.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service)

Reply—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a single astringent. Never do anything that would harm the best or ston the circulation in that part of the body.

Reply—I shall have it in mind, and intend to tell also of other helps in making beauty.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service)

Reply—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a single astringent. Never do anything that would harm the best or ston the circulation in that part of the body.

Reply—I shall have it in mind, and intend to tell also of other helps in making beauty.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service)

Reply—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a single astringent. Never do anything that would harm the best or ston the circulation in that part of the body.

Reply—I shall have it in mind, and intend to tell also of other helps in making beauty.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service)

Reply—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a single astringent. Never do anything that would harm the best or ston the circulation in that part of the body.

Reply—I shall have it in mind, and intend to tell also of other helps in making beauty.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service)